

When the Moon and the Sun Collide

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This is to the one that made my mind and heart soar and left me with these wicked, wicked, memories.

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My Memory... I am so not a morning person and today was not any different. I barely opened my eyes, trying to decide if I should get up or not. My hands feel around the bed and I realize that you are not by my side. I think to myself that maybe you have gone to work. I smile as the memories flood my mind of all the wicked things we did to each other last night. I daydream a little about your tongue and I realize how lucky I am to have found someone that shares my same wicked and perverted sexual fetishes. We have pleased ourselves in the wildest of ways and have made each other cum so hard that in the end I think it's well worth it. We have told each other our deepest, darkest, sadistic desires and neither one of us have hit the ground running. We have this ongoing sexual game of who can get the other to be more submissive and since we both have such strong personalities; I know at this very moment you're upset because of what I did to you last week. I laugh to myself and smile because I know you have something up your sleeve but I don't know what or when it's coming yet. Just that thought makes me so wet. Seeing that anything goes we have been very creative in the past and it's been very exciting, to say the least, thinking of new things to get the other one back for. We are both into bondage and domination and sometimes we argue over who dominates the most but we seem to be equal in that department. I guess that is what happens in a relationship between two people that are extremely dominant, the moon and the sun eventually collide. I finally open my eyes completely and I find a letter on your pillow. I begin to read your words: "Tell me, when you eat your cereal this morning, will a little bit of milk trickle down the front of your mouth and drip down to your chin? Will you flick your tongue out - like a hummingbird - to catch it before it drips down to your chest and it makes a small wet spot on your t-shirt, just above the nipple that just pokes out, stretching the material, making a shadow underneath it and a high-light above it? What if I were to put my tongue on that wet spot and lick it, could I taste the milk, mingled with your flavor, and wet the material enough so that your nipple could be vaguely seen between the threads, hardening now in response to the moisture and touch of my tongue, stretching the material even more as it grows in size, pushing

against the threads that seem to dissolve the wetter they become making a light roughness to the feeling of your skin that I detect on my tongue? Would you make little gasps and grunts as you eat your cereal and would you continue eating as my tongue licked further around your nipple, adding more saliva, sucking the tip through the cloth? And if I circled your whole nipple and the breast around it with my tongue and sucked you in my mouth - as much of your breast as I could fit, tonguing all over your breast and flicking your nipple with the tip of my tongue - biting it a little and pulling at it with my teeth then putting my lips around it and kissing it, - would you grunt a little more? Just thought I would ask..." I instantly get infuriated and crumple the letter and throw it aside and put my pillow over my face and scream. Just reading your words make me so wet and crazy that I don't feel in control of my own desires anymore. I force myself to relax as I breathe in and out a couple of times and then I finally get up and decide to eat and quickly take a shower since I realize that I need to go to work soon. I walk to the kitchen and quickly serve myself my daily morning cereal and smirk because I hate the fact that you know me so well. I take my first spoonful and feel you rush behind me from the bathroom. I almost drop my bowl as you turn me around and you stifle my scream with your mouth as you kiss me hard and push me onto the couch, bowl and all. You cover my mouth and tell me. "I have not forgotten how much of a bad girl you were last week and now it's my turn! I knew that letter would get you hot so prepare yourself because I have taken the day off just for you to teach you a lesson!" You suck on my nipples over my shirt and I continue to hold the bowl of cereal in my hand not wanting to drop it and I tell you in between gasps. "No, wait baby stop!" It's like you don't even hear me because you suck me harder, and hold me tighter. Your tongue is driving me absolutely crazy. I bend back and barely put my bowl on the table and your hold on me get tighter and you continue to devour my entire breast over my shirt. I can't help but moan as I arch my back. I suddenly snap out of my lust for you when I look at the clock and realize how late it is. I push you and plead for you to stop. "Please baby I have to go to work, please no, stop!" You're so stubborn that you pay no attention to my words and continue on. "I need to take a shower baby, please!" I say breathlessly. "You're not going anywhere today!" You say as you grin wickedly. You hold my arms over my head and continue to bite both of my nipples over my shirt. Wicked thoughts begin spinning quickly in my head and I lead you to believe that you have left me no other choice but to comply. I pull your hair and try to pull your face to mine. You finally let go of my nipples and kiss me passionately. "Stand!" I tell you in-between kisses. You pull me forward and we are both standing now, I push you to the wall forcefully as my mouth is devouring yours and I whisper in your ear. "You drive me crazy!" As much as you want to resist I can feel that you love it when I try to dominate you and even though it won't be easy I put my plan in motion. I hold your hands forcefully to your side and say. "Close your eyes!" You protest and flip me against the wall and I struggle with you but I eventually flip you back against the wall hard and I hold your mouth closed with my hand and say. "I SAID CLOSE YOUR EYES NOW!" You comply submissively and I begin to lick you from your chest to your stomach and slowly slide your boxers off. I place your hands on the wall and say. "Don't move them, leave them there!" I know how much you like for me to suck on your cock so you ease up as I lower my mouth and playfully lick the tip and graze it slowly with my teeth. I catch you looking at me and I yell. "CLOSE YOUR EYES GODDAMN

IT!" I hold your cock in my hand and squeeze it hard and say. "Do you want me to stop is that it?" You grunt loudly and unwillingly comply with my demand as you bang your head and hands on the wall in frustration. I massage your balls with both of my hands as I slowly suck the tip of your cock. My tongue makes circles around your cock and I raise one hand and keep my other hand firmly on your balls. My hand touches your shaft to see how hard you are, I see your veins and its throbbing red tip and I hear you moan but you keep your hands to the wall with your eyes closed as I instructed. I slowly put your entire cock in my mouth and I let it slide all the way to the back of my throat. You arch your back and you hit your head against the wall again as you moan and grunt. I massage your balls in time with me sucking your cock up and down. I continue to deep throat your cock slowly for a bit and hold it in my throat for as long as I can without gagging. I can taste you and I know you're close so I decide to proceed with my plan so I gradually take you out of my mouth and I tell you. "You like it baby?" "Yes! Oh my fucking God! YES! YES!" You say breathlessly. "I want you to cum for me baby, cum in my mouth!" I say with a wicked smile that you're too distracted to notice. "Yes! Fuck! Yes! Yes!" You say grunting. My smile widens and I yell. "Say PLEASE!" "Fuck, Fuck! PLEASE!" You say desperately. I put my hand on your cock pumping up and down as my other hand is massaging your balls and I start to suck your cock a little faster now. With my goal in mind I say. "Are you close baby?" I say softly. "Yes! Yes! Keep going, keep going. Oh Fuck! KEEP GOING!" You say with your eyes closed and you begin to pound on the wall with your hands but you are careful not to touch me. My hands keep moving in sync with my mouth and I keep looking at you and I slowly stand up and suddenly make a dash for the bathroom and I can't believe I make it and before I slam the door I tell you. "I'm running late for work baby so I really have to take a shower now!" I slam the door and you hear me laughing as the water starts running. You realize that I have done it again and you yell. "You fucking bitch!" As you run down the hall after me.